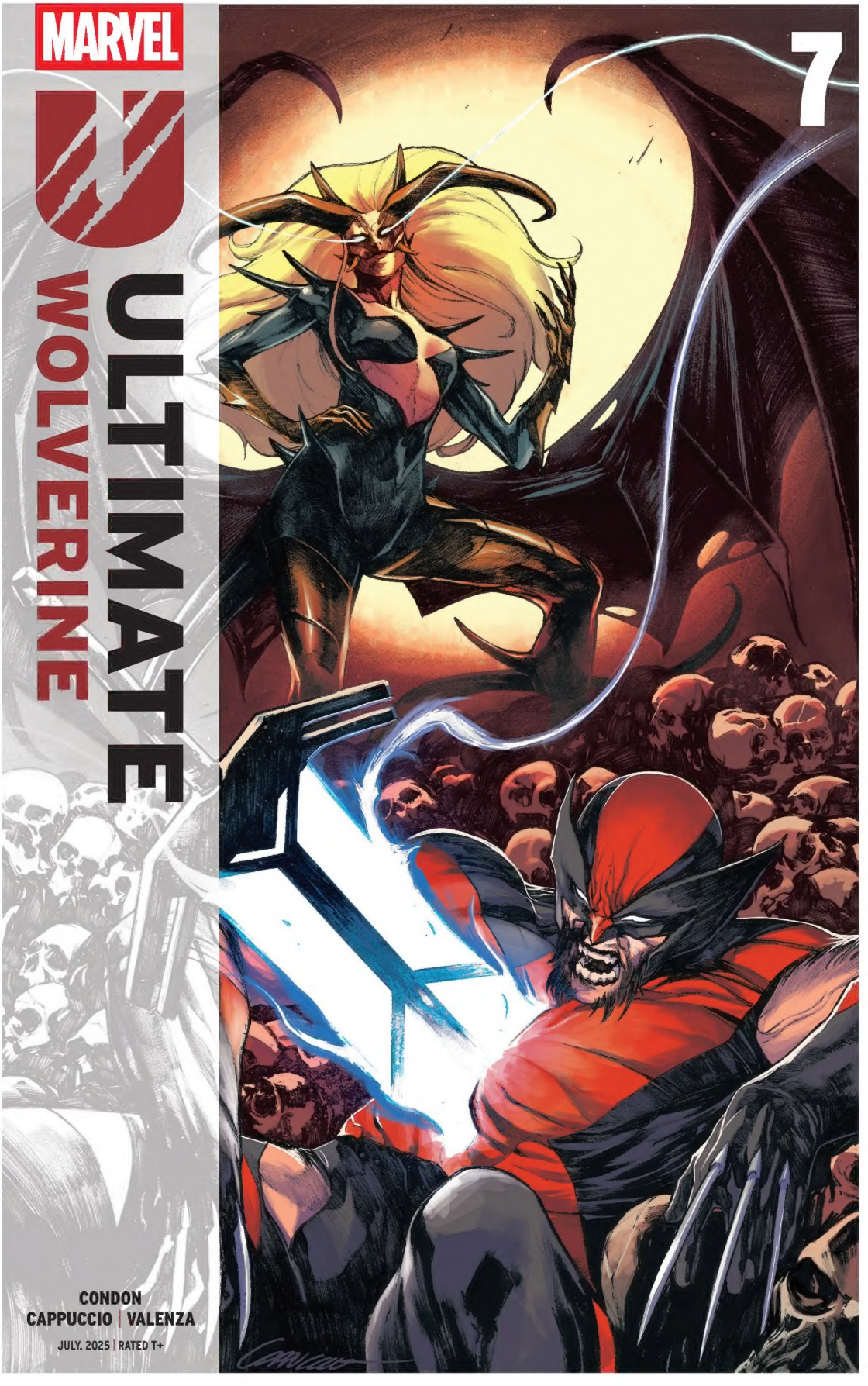

MARVEL
ULTIMATE
WOLVERINE
7
CONDON
CAPPUCCIO | VALENZA
JULY. 2025 | RATED T+

SNFF

Hey.
Hey yerself, Kitty.
What are you doing up here? We were looking for you. Thought you'd run away.
No, I ain't runnin'. Just...*thinkin'*, I guess.
About what?
Hmph.
'Bout who I am... *what I am...*

Hey, don't. What you are is a--
Killer. S'what I am. They wound me up n' turned me loose. But it was already there inside me.
Logan...
I can't take away all the things they made you do. But you need to understand that it wasn't you doing it. It was *them*.
Kid, I appreciate the pep talk...
...but no matter what I do or what I think or try to convince myself of...I know it was ***my hands*** that did it. Kurt n' Raven, they--
Kurt and Raven joined this fight because they believed in it. They knew the risks. You didn't force them to make that choice.
They didn't die at your hands, Logan. They died at the hands of the Eurasian Republic--their oppressors. *Your* oppressors. *Don't you forget that.*

Yeah. Sure. But I see the looks on everyone's faces down there when I walk in a room.
They're scared. I don't like it, but I can't blame 'em.
I still got these in me n' they ain't goin' nowhere.
I feel 'em. Knowin' they're there--knowin' that the murder weapon is inside 'a me--
SNIKT
--a part 'a me. Always. It all makes me wish I'd've stayed away. Holed up in some backwoods Podunk town n'...been forgotten. Never gotten involved...
SHHLLK
I remember bits n' pieces. Moments. Intense moments. They come n' they go like memories of a bad dream.
They pull at my heart, kid--they're heavy. I feel 'em hangin' over me.
Logan, Kurt and Raven didn't forget you. We didn't forget you. We brought you back because you're one of us. You're family.

Do you remember why you joined the Opposition?
I do. It's because you saw what was happening to other people, Logan. People like *you*. And you wanted to help them.
This is *war*, Logan. Sometimes you win, and sometimes you lose. Sometimes you do things you never thought you'd do or could do.
But you do them because you *must*. You fight. And damn it, Logan, I've never known a better fighter in my life.
You've clawed your way free from death itself, man. That's not nothing. But just... remember why you did this.
Not the bad stuff. Not what *they* did. Not what they *made* you do.
You made a choice to give up everything--to come here and *fight*. Remember *why*.
It's hard sometimes, I know. Sometimes the darkness gets a little too close to *winning*.
But that's why we have each other. We're all each other's reminders.
Now come on down from here. Mikhail and Abigail've called a meeting and it's a *family affair*--and yeah, that means *you* too.
"Where *is* he?"

I've dodged and covered for too long already. The leaders are getting too curious. I know it. Ana...? Anything?
Nothing. Completely off the grid. Not a blip.
Damn it.
It seems impossible... how could the tethers--all of them--be severed?
I do not know what to tell you, Doctor. It's as if he has just vanished... disappeared from the face of the Earth.
Where are you, Winter Soldier?
Let me check one more--gaaaakkkk--
Ana, this is no time for games...
...when the leaders finally find out he's gone, I--
KUNK
Ana? Good lord, what--
"When the leaders finally find out..."

Well, Dr. Prostovich... it falls on me to report that the leaders have, indeed, *found out.*
Leader Rossovich... I assure you that this was through no fault of my own. Some external--
Save your pleas.
No--!
P-please--
Hnff--

Here, Illyana. Look what the cat's dragged in...
Nn--
Ah, thank you, Arkady.
We have an appointment to keep with the good doctor...
...but we will first make a stop...
...in Limbo.
N-NO! NOOOOOOOO--!

Surprised this base ain't been attacked... God knows *Chernobyl* is a big enough target.
Well, it'd help if they could see us, but they can't. They don't even know we're here. All because of the "One"--David Haller.
He's completely scrubbed this location from all their databases. It's just an empty spot now on all their satellites.
I know that feelin'. Well, I--
Hey, runt.
Nice to see you got yourself your brain back. *Heh. What little of it there was...*
Grrrr...
Oof...seems you got the attitude back too, huh?
You got a lotta [redacted] nerve, bub...

I trusted you.
The hell're you on about?!
Logan, what're you doing? We're all on the same side here...
Yeah. Unless you're not as *fixed* as they say...
Hrrm.
I asked you for a favor, Victor. Before. A *big* favor. And you didn't hold up your end 'a the deal.
Oh. That. Yeah, you're right.
What the hell's going on?!
Ahh... This guy wanted me to kill 'im. I didn't. Now he's mad about it.
What a load of [redacted]...
I asked you to take care 'a me if they ever caught me. We know what they do to people's minds. We seen it with Yuri, Jono-- *I can go on.*
Yeah, well, it's not like I had a chance to do much about it until you showed up in my bar.
When you did, *sue me*, I thought I could try to *save ya.*
And last I checked, *I did just that...*

...so you might try sayin' *thank you.*
I know what I'm capable of. I been blacked out. Woken up in blood that wasn't mine. Somebody tweaks my mind? *It's over.*
I got dead friends now, Victor. The blood's on my hands, but yours ain't so clean neither, y'hear?
You might... try sayin'... thank you.
All right! All right, you two.
Heh. Saved by the Kitty. Be seein' ya...
...runt.

You have been baaaad, Dr. Prostovich...
...and the bad must be punished, don't you think?
Wh-where am I?
Oh, come now, Dr. Prostovich... you've not heard whispers of...
...Limbo?
So it is real.
It is very...very real.
Which is why it is best for you not to make mistakes...or lose Republic property... because there are hungry things here...
...and I am all too eager to throw them your bones.
NO! P-please, Leader Rasputin!

Ahh--!
This is my domain, Dr. Prostovich. My true kingdom. Its demons are my servants.
And for your failure, do not think that they are not prepared to rip you limb from limb.
sssssssssss.
Nn--
Scream, Doctor.
Feel the pain in your joints, the ache in your muscles. Feel their fingers tear through your clothes, breaking your skin...
NYAAHHHHHH--! Stop them. Please! I--I have--
P-please. I...I can do it! I have a way, I can--
A way to... what?
To--to destroy them! To destroy them all!
I...I beg for...for forgiveness, Leader Rasputin.
Yes... Dr. Prostovich, beg...
...beg like the dog you are.

If there are new recruits...let me introduce myself... I am *Mikhail Rasputin,* and...*I welcome you to the Opposition.*
Those of you who have been with us will notice Logan has returned...
Logan was a prime fighter for the Opposition, and I believe he will be again, should we be so lucky. That said...
"...I understand there may be some anxiety.
"Maybe some animosity. *Fear.*"
Though the scars of experimentation remain, the Republic's Winter Soldier program has been overwritten by the One.
You have no cause to fear Logan. *Not anymore.*
Hrrm.

I have quite an education on the subject myself. I too come from the enemy--I was once their ruthless leader. So I know that *trust* can be *earned.*
"It pains me, yes, that I now fight my beloved siblings in this struggle. But they are *lost*... they pledge fealty to ***one alone***. The dark secret of our world..."
But the truth was awakened in me. While my brother and sister tortured their own kind for nefarious means, I knew that a counterweight must be provided to strike back.
"I had begun secretly coordinating the Opposition's strategy with McCoy and Brand, but I took the next step without fear: faking my own death. I teleported clear to safety.
"It was finished. I no longer took orders from a hidden dictator, pulling strings. Instead, I fight for my country, for my people--I fight for *the Opposition!*"
But too often it feels we fight against a tidal wave that dooms all progress...
Which is why we are altering the strategy, ladies and germs. Listen up...

It's true-- the Republic has put us on the defensive. They have deployed new... *weapons*...and we have taken serious casualties and lost two bases.
One near East Berlin, the other in Smolensk. But still, we have one advantage-- we have taken their greatest weapon off the battlefield.
Their Winter Soldier. This is probably the greatest miscalculation of the Republic--their reliance on biological, living weapons.
As we know, they seek to weaponize mutantkind.
That is why we have selected an offensive mission as our next move, one that targets that "miscalculation."
A prison on "Snake Island" in the Black Sea, known by the name "Stabil'nyy." Dr. Alonya Prostovich has her minions there experimenting on mutants from across the globe--turning them into abominations.
This base appears on no maps or databases. We only know it exists because the One picked up fragmentary coordinates when probing Logan's brain.

Local intel helped verify its existence and provided these photos of prisoners arriving at the location. Locals believe the prison to be a benign government facility.
Revolting.
Not your reporting, of course. May I intrude?
By all means, Hank.
Piggybacking off what Ms. Brand was just imparting--our intelligence indicates that the Republic's army has increased its presence around Stabil'nyy.
This, of course, means that we will be utilizing a highly skilled team to infiltrate the location. I have collated a list of names of prime operative candidates...
LeBeau and Pryde. Codenames Gambit and Sprite.
You hear dat? They're playin' our song, minou.
Romanova and Shostakov. Codenames Widow and Guardian.
I will join as well. Alias: Beast. And, finally, if you're up for the challenge...
...Logan.

What, I don't get one 'a them fancy nicknames?
Well, I merely haven't had a chance to select one. If you have any ideas... Mikhail, for example, goes by "Archangel," and--
I know...
He can be *rosomakha*. The hair, the claws.
What's that supposed to mean?
It means... "*wolverine*."
That would be fine. Perfect, then. Our strike team is assembled.
Very good.
It is done. What came before was but a prelude.
A mere taste of what we--mutants and humans together--can unleash. No more games...
What comes next... is victory.

Hrrm. I thought this inquiry was today...
Ah, forgive me, I meant no--
WOOOOSSSSH

Hnnf--
Dr. Prostovich is sorry, Brother. So very sorry...
Nn--
...that she has let spill a little secret. Why don't you tell us all, Doctor? Tell us all about your little plan...
I--I have discovered a--a possibility...a w-way to harness the p-power at the heart of the Cerebellum.
I need time to test, but to use it would mean the utter destruction of the Opposition...
...once and for all.
Dr. Prostovich... you have my attention.
TO BE CONTINUED...

Gary Rinden

GR Yo. You up?

Danny Bolan

Barely…but…what's up? DB

GR I was just on Maps. I do that sometimes when I'm a little [redacted]…you know. And I thought, wouldn't it be cool to look up Chernobyl, you know? Because of the nuclear meltdown. See if it was all abandoned and spooky and [redacted].

Yes and…? DB

GR So I searched it, and I got nothing. So I'm thinking, maybe they just removed it from search in case people wanted to go out there. Because it's still radioactive or whatever? Maybe? I'm not sure how that stuff works.

Gary, what the hell are you saying? DB

GR Well, okay. So I ended up finding an old site, like one of those GeoCities ones, and it had coordinates for the power plant. So I pump that into Maps. I've done it before, so I know it works. And sure enough, it brought me to the Eurasian Republic…exactly to the spot where Chernobyl ought to be but…there's nothing there.

Did they scrub it from the site? DB

GR That's what I thought too, so I went to street view. There's nothing there either.

You mean it's like…scrubbed footage. DB

GR No, not scrubbed. It's just not there, man. It's [redacted] crazy…

Send me the coordinates. God, you're gonna get me flagged by the Eurasian Republic, man. DB

GR 51°23'23"N, 30°5'58"E. Just check it out. Tell me I'm not crazy.

All right…I just looked. Yeah…this is weird. DB

GR Now try searching for it. Just type the name in. "Chernobyl."

What the [redacted] is happening there??? DB

GR Dude…I don't know. But it must be BIG.

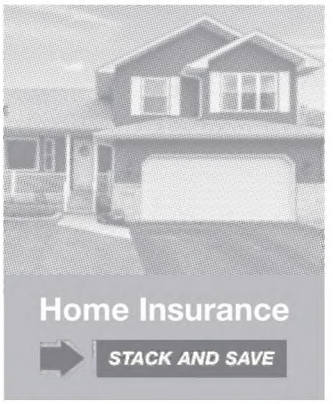
Home Insurance
STACK AND SAVE

BREAKING NEWS EXCLUSIVE

Former E.R. operative found dead, advocated for Rasputin conspiracy

Published June 30, 2025, 5:00 p.m. ET

1.2K Comments



Dimitri Peshkov, a former operative for the secretive Eurasian Republic Security Force, has been found dead. He had recently gained notoriety when he took to social media to promote his belief that deceased E.R. leader Mikhail Rasputin survived his fatal car bombing and is currently running an opposition force inside of the Republic. Peshkov's posts have been removed dozens of times over claims of factual accuracy. Still, Peshkov maintained that he had evidence that Rasputin still lives, despite providing little to none whenever pressed. Peshkov was found dead yesterday morning, killed by an apparent self-inflicted gunshot wound. His ex-wife asked that his family be allowed privacy in their time of mourning in a brief statement.

Peshkov was a decorated officer in the E.R.S.F. for seventeen years before being discharged last year following a negative psychological evaluation. Peshkov claims that this evaluation was "rigged" against him and that its findings were inaccurate and manufactured to make him look less than credible.

"I served my country for my entire adult life without question," Peshkov said in a now-deleted social media post. "But the minute I raised a question about the supposed death of Leader Mikhail Rasputin, I am deemed 'crazy' and stripped of my position. Does that sound like coincidence to you?"

In a now-infamous viral video, Peshkov provided security-camera footage of a man he claimed was Rasputin on a street corner in Kyiv three months after Rasputin's death. The footage has been examined by experts and was found to be inconclusive and possibly doctored. Still, Peshkov pushed his theory, right until the end. The night before he died, Peshkov posted a video saying that he was scared for his life. His family has deleted the video and has made clear their intent to never release it.

In her brief statement, Peshkov's ex-wife stated, "Dimitri was a brilliant man, but he became lost to us, to the world. The internet poisoned him with its lies."

The E.R.S.F. has not commented on the psychological evaluation, Peshkov's claims or his death. At the time of the writing of this article, Mikhail Rasputin is still officially deceased.

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